

Letter from Alexander Graham Bell to Mabel Hubbard Bell, August 22, 1904, with transcript

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL TO MABEL (Hubbard) BELL Beinn Bhreagh, C. B. Monday, August 22, 1904. Mrs. Graham Bell, Maplewood Hotel, Maplewood, New Hampshire. You poor little girl:

Your notes of August 17th and 18th, are really pathetic — from the feeling that you have been allowed “to drop out of family life and be apparently forgotten” — and you think you are at least entitled to a telegram. So you are my dear — and a nice long one every day. If you will send to the Portland Hotel at which you were staying — for undelivered telegrams — I have no doubt you will find that you were not forgotten there; and if you will send to the address you gave us in Bethlehem, New Hampshire, you will find both telegrams and letters awaiting you. Daisy wrote to you every day since you left here. I was not so good but wrote you twice — and telegraphed more than once — that you might know we were thinking of you here.

I have no assurance that you have received a word from me since you left — for the only letter has been a note from Truro as you were passing through — until tonight — excepting a telegram from Portland telling us you were going to Bethlehem, New Hampshire. I sent a telegram to your mother yesterday in answer to one received from her — asking her to telegraph your exact address and requested the telegraph operator to see that the telegram was sent to the same place the other one was sent from — but no answer had been received so I suppose that 2 telegram also has gone to Jericho — no Bethlehem I mean. Your two notes just received show you to be in Maplewood, New Hampshire, not Bethlehem at all.

I sent you my “Where are you going to my pretty maid” telegram to Portland — and my father was disappointed to know it had gone as he had made up a verse to add to it. He

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wanted to have his verse sent too so I telegraphed it to you — for there was something touching about it — and would show you that he was brighter and better — and that his heart was in the right place. As no acknowledgement of receipt has come — I fear that you have missed that too — and conjecture that you forgot to leave at your Portland Hotel any address to which mail could be forwarded.

(My father's telegram)

To Mrs. Graham Bell, Portland, Maine.

Where are you going my pretty maid? To meet my mother, Sir, she said. She's here; and blessings on her head.

From, A. Melville Bell.

We had a great fright here today over Daisy and Gardiner. Douglas, Gardiner and Daisy rode on horseback into town — and of course, started back full tear — at a gallop. At Carruth's it so happened there was a bridge over a sluice with a hole in it — a veritable death-trap.

Douglas was first there — saw the hole — jumped his 3 horse over it safely — and shouted out a warning to the others — but too late. Gardiner came next on Beta at a full gallop. Beta caught her foot in the hole and was down in an instant throwing Gardiner violently on the road.

Daisy was just behind on Dewey — and when she saw Beta fall — she reined in Dewey so suddenly that he fell on his head (!) on the road — and Daisy was shot over his head on to the hard road on her face — striking fairly on her nose. Why it was not broken is a mystery. Gardiner rolled to one side just in time to escape the impact of Dewey and Daisy — but was kicked by one of the horses (or so he thinks) upon the thigh. Both Beta and

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Dewey were injured — but not so badly as to prevent them from running away. They were caught by a boy near the turn at the foot of the bay — and brought back.

Douglas was back in an instant to help the others. Daisy arose with blood streaming from her nose — but Gardiner lay still on the side of the road — praying. He thought he was dead or dying — and that his leg was broken as he seemed unable to walk. The Carruths came down and Gardiner was carried carefully up to their house — while they telephoned for a doctor. Dr. Macdonald was out of town — but Dr. McIver came down at once. He reported no bones broken — and simply a bruise upon the thigh — and other bruises on one arm.

Daisy too — only bruised. One thumb sprained — showing she had broken the fall with one hand thus saving the face. I knew nothing of all this until after my return from the laboratory 4 when Daisy telephoned me from the warehouse to prepare me for their arrival. She said Gardiner was “chipper” and only slightly bruised — and that she also was all right excepting for a blow upon the nose.

I must confess, however, to something of a shock when Gardiner was brought home on a litter — and carried upstairs. I was glad we had trained nurses in the house. Gardiner was bright — and made light of the whole matter — and said he had hardly any pain — and Daisy too was so bright as to make me feel fearful that both were playing a part to prevent me from being alarmed. However, Dr. Macdonald came over in the course of the evening and made a thorough examination of both patients and reports both as only slightly bruised — no bones broken — no noses out of joint — and no one kicked by a horse. I saw Gardiner's leg before it was bandaged — and was also satisfied that he had not been kicked by a horse. There was simply a large superficial bruise on the front part of the thigh where he had struck against something on the road. The doctor made a careful examination for broken bones or ribs — and declares positively that there is nothing of the kind. Nothing but superficial bruises that will probably be all right in a few days. Daisy too only bruised — and her thumb strained. The nose is not broken or injured — or disfigured

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— but the doctor leads us to believe that the nose will be a sight — in a day or two — and being in Nova Scotia she must expect to be a Blue-nose — at least for a time. Daisy is asleep in bed — and 5 I have just looked in to see Gardiner. He seems to be resting comfortably and sleeping quietly. No fever or any disquieting symptom. I suppose I should let Charlie know of the accident but don't know where he is — and fear to alarm him when the doctor says he will be all right in a day or two.

Your loving husband, Alec. P. S. Dr. Macdonald examined the horses. Beta badly cut about the knee — but he thinks it will not turn out to be serious. Dewey has several bad bruises on on the head. One just above one eye, another on the forehead and a third at the base of one ear. The parts are raw and sensitive — but the horse not injured. It seems strange that Beta did not break her leg. The doctor skinned over the raw places with collodion or something of that sort — and thinks the horses will be all right in a few days. AGB.